

THE SPECTATOR

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ALKING about cops, speed ordinances and automobiles, I know a lady who was out after the blue ribbon

as the most careful observer of the traffic laws in Salt Lake City. She has driven a car under about every condition, in the city, through the canyons and on the public highway. She has been doing considerable boasting about her skill as a driver and her strict observance of traffic rules. She is prone to criticize other drivers, she says it is helpful criticism, though the criticized party can not see it that way. Her husband drives the car occasionally and he seems to get along bully without an instructor, but let her sit beside him and the conversation goes something like this, the woman, of course, doing the talking:

"Don't drive so fast!"

"Do you want to kill the whole family?"

"Do you want to get pinched?"

"My God, you scare the life out of me!"

"Have you got your foot on the brake?"

"Watch your clutch."

"You can't throw it in first while the car is running."

"Keep to the right."

"Sound your horn."

"Do you know what the emergency brake is for?"

"Hold out your hand."

"You'll be the death of me yet."

"Yow, yow, yow," etc.

The husband, being a meek little pacifist, does the best he can under the circumstances, and lets it go at that. Of course it makes him nervous and he makes mistakes that he would not make otherwise, which brings on another storm of critical advice.

Last Sunday they started for Parley's canyon, the husband driving the car. Before they left South Temple the wife suggested as a matter of safety first she had better drive, so she took the wheel. They were sailing along Thirteenth East, and I say sailing advisedly. After they had gone five or six blocks a deep bass voice was heard in the rear crying, "Stop! Hey, there, wait a minute."

But they kept on sailing. Finally the voice caught up with them and hove along side the car.

It was a motorcycle cop.

Says he to the husband, "Whadda you mean violating the speed ordinance?"

"I was not breaking any speed ordinances," replied the husband.

"Oh, yes you were," says Mr. Cop.

"I timed you for four blocks and you made every crossing at 25 miles an hour."

"I beg your pardon," insisted the husband, "but I did nothing of the kind. My wife is running this car to suit herself."

"Well, she'll have to run it to suit the city after this, and 15 miles an hour is the limit for crossings in the residence district. I'll report this matter with your number to the office, and the next time it happens you'll not get off so easy," said the M. C. Cop.

The car moved on its journey and they talked about the mountains and the sunset and the beautiful foliage of Parley's canyon, but nobody seemed inclined to discuss the experience with the M. C. cop.

But the next time they went out with the husband at the wheel the wife took occasion to remark:

"Jeems, you are driving beautifully. I like to ride like this."

And they lived happy ever afterwards.

I HAD occasion to be in Holy Cross hospital this week—not that there is a thing the matter with me—physically I am as sound as General Wood but politically I would hardly be in favor with Mr. Baker. But one of the doctors discovered that I had a few dollars left over after my Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps investment, and he decided that a member of the family was entitled to a minor operation—my pile would not stand a major operation. So we went to the hospital, smelled up the ether and had the thing over and off our minds. Everything went beautifully and the doctor is welcome to his money—I believe he earned it. But that has nothing to do with what I started to tell.

They have an obstetrics ward at the Holy Cross hospital. It is the department where the stork is given a royal welcome and made to feel perfectly at home.

The next time Teddy Roosevelt comes to Utah I am going to see that he visits the baby ward at the Holy Cross. He would certainly be delighted, for there is not a prettier, more prolific thing in the world than Utah babies.

Well, I was walking down the hall and I saw a nurse pushing what she said was a tea wagon. It was a double deck affair and stowed away on the upper deck was a 24-hours-old prize winning baby. I like babies, pups, rabbits, calves, colts, etc., and I could not help admiring the youngster, so I kept following the tea wagon. She stopped at another door and brought out another baby. She kept up this process until the tea wagon was loaded to the guards with eight babies, none of them more than three days old. I followed the wagon as far as the nursery and there, much to my disappointment, a sign barring visitors stopped me. But they let me look in the door and my eye will never be fuller. There were boy babies, girl babies, white babies and yellow babies, Caucasian, Chinese and Japanese mingled like so many rare flowers and not a Bullshevik or a race hater in the bunch. They were just God-given, happy, healthy babies, thirty of them, brand new arrivals to brighten and bless as many homes.

I've been to Barnum's circus. I've seen the best of them play Shakespeare, I've seen the standing room only shows on Broadway, but I never left any place of amusement with more regret than I left that bunch of Utah babies, and one of these days I am going back and work somebody to let me visit the inside of the nursery.

Ogden is a bully city and it has a set of business men who know how to go through the line. When it comes to co-operative effort in the interests of the entire community, there is not a city in the west that can surpass Ogden. And whenever they see any

thing in Salt Lake that they want they generally get it. In their most recent raid they took R. L. Thompson, who made a fine reputation as manager of advertising for the Daynes-Beebe Music Co. Thompson is the whole works in a well paying advertising agency in Ogden now. I was talking to him the other day and, believe me, he thinks Ogden is some town. This advertising agency was formerly conducted by W. E. Zuppann, who suddenly decided he wanted to live a life of ease, so he signed up as Editor of the Ogden Examiner. All he has to do is get out the paper seven mornings a week and any morning paper editor will tell you that is a snap. I've seen a few men get fat on the job, although my opinion of an editor is that to be at his best he should have a lean and hungry look. Go to the hound for wisdom and he will tell you a hungry hound will stalk more game than one that is stalled. At any rate, Zuppann's desire to be an editor opened the Ogden door for Thompson, and Thompson has already knocked over some mighty good advertising contracts. I like his style and I wish him well.

A QUIET COMEBACK

He was fond of playing jokes on his wife, this time he thought he had a winner.

"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "I just heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind, and so a surgeon operated on her and found—"

"Yes," gasped the wife breathlessly. "That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked slowly:

"Well, it would depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen through easily enough."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



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